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Good Things of "LIFE"

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THE GOOD THINGS

OF

SIXTH SERIES

"'Tis trifles such as these
That make a happy life."

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER
MDCCCLXXXIX

1889

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THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Uncle James: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU SINCE YOU WERE GRADUATED, PENELOPE. DID YOU GET A PRIZE AT THE COMMENCEMENT?
Penelope: NO, UNCLE, BUT I DANCED EVERY SET AT THE BALL, AND THAT IS MORE THAN ANY OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS DID.

BETWEEN TWO VASSAR GIRLS.

Susie: WHY HOW SMOOTH YOUR FACE IS!

Esther: HOW SMOOTH *yours* IS!

(*Consternation, blushes; painful pause.*)

Susie: YOURS IS SO MUCH SMOOTHER THAN MY BROTHER JAMIE'S!

Esther: AND YOURS IS SO MUCH SMOOTHER THAN MY FATHER'S!

"TILLY, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE YOUR NEW SPRING HAT TRIMMED?"

WHAT SENT THE SCREEN OVER.

Sophy (*who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before*): DOES MR. FLEETWOOD STRIKE YOU AS BEING A SENSITIVE MAN, PAULINE?

Pauline (*who doesn't know of the engagement*): GRACIOUS, NO! A MAN WHO HAS BEEN REJECTED BY FOUR GIRLS WITHIN SIX MONTHS AND GETS FAT ON IT CANNOT BE. WHY, SOPHY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THIS IS A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

And you probably expect, dear reader, to know what they are saying; but the probabilities are that you will not. He has been here a month, during which time they have endured each other's society with noticeable contentment, and he goes away to-morrow. As to the present conversation we can only suspect.

Husband (*on the way to the depot for a brief trip*): REMEMBER, MY DEAR, THAT ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

Wife: AH, YES, JOHN; AND IF YOU KNEW HOW FONDLY I THINK OF YOU WHEN YOU ARE ABSENT FROM HOME, I'M SURE YOU'D GO AWAY MUCH OFTENER.

SPRING STYLES.

A BOSTON FASHION PLATE.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

Helen: OH, ETHEL! THERE'S A MAN-OF-WAR COMING DIRECTLY TOWARD US.

Ethel: DO LET ME TAKE THE GLASS! I HAVE BEEN HERE SIX WEEKS AND IT IS THE FIRST MAN OF ANY KIND I HAVE SEEN.

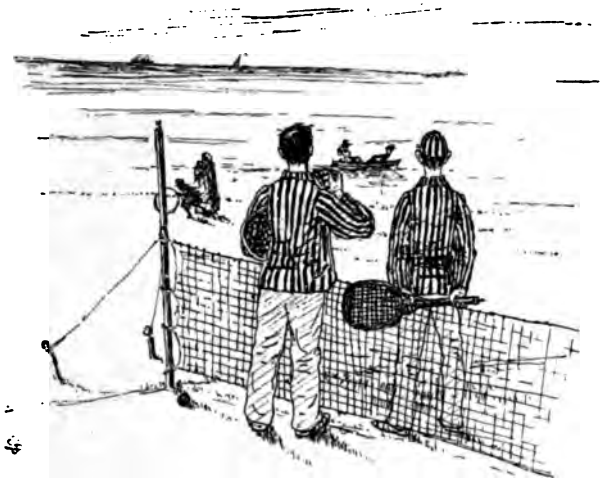
MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT.

A HEAVY BANK DEPOSIT.

REMEMBRANCES.

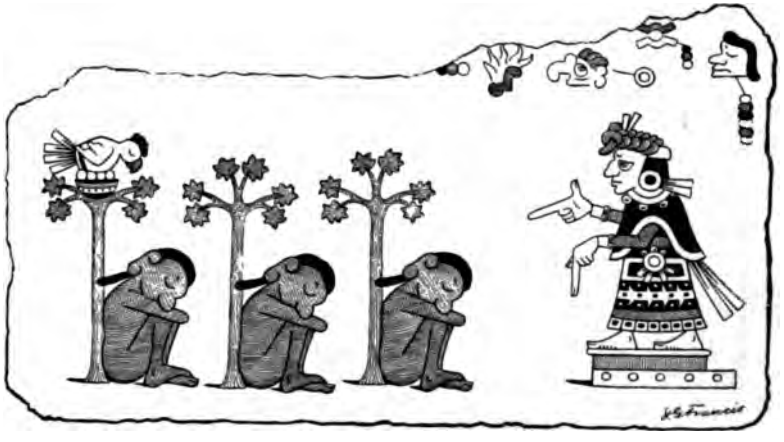
Wife (*revisiting the scene of her betrothal*): I REMEMBER, ALGERNON, SO WELL WHEN YOU PROPOSED TO ME, HOW PAINFULLY EMBARRASSED YOU WERE.

Algernon: YES, DEAR; AND I REMEMBER SO WELL HOW KIND AND ENCOURAGING YOU WERE, AND HOW VERY EASY YOU MADE IT FOR ME, AFTER ALL.



"By Jove, Reginald, do *you* know Hilda Jones?"

"Why ya-as; she's engaged to two of my friends."



AN AZTEC FRAGMENT.

Supposed to be a missionary preaching to natives in a grove.

NO CONCEALMENT.

Early Morning Caller: WHERE IS YOUR AUNTIE, ALICE?

Alice: SHE IS UP STAIRS IN HER NIGHTEY, LOOKING OVER THE BALUSTER.

AT A TEA.

Mr. Tynchaser (who has been obnoxiously persistent in his attentions): I HAVE NOT HAD THE PLEASURE OF FINDING YOU AT HOME FOR A LONG TIME, MRS. BOND.

Opulent Widow: NO. THERE SEEMS TO BE AN OBSTACLE.

Mr. T.: CAN'T I REMOVE IT?

O. W.: POSSIBLY.

Mr. T. (tenderly): AT LEAST, LET ME KNOW WHAT IT IS?

O. W. (coldly): THE FRONT DOOR.

LIFE AT MT. DESERT.

He (*who has just been accepted*): WERE YOU EVER ENGAGED BEFORE?

She: ONLY ONCE THIS SUMMER.

He: WHAT? AND HERE IT IS THE LAST OF AUGUST!

She: BUT I ONLY CAME LAST WEEK.

WRONG AGAIN.

'AH! JACK'S VOICE! BE STILL, MY HEART; HE SERENADES ME!"

NO, DEAR; IT SOUNDS LIKE HIS VOICE, BUT IT ISN'T.

A REASONABLE TIME.

"You must give me time, George, to think it over. It is all so strange, so unexpected."

"I will give you a year's time if you wish it. My love for you is great enough to bear that strain."

'Oh, I don't want a year—give me five minutes."

Marjorie: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY NEW DOLL, MR. GOODFORM?

Mr. G.: CERTAINLY, I WOULD.

Marjorie (*reflectively*): I'M AFRAID BOBBY WILL TAKE MY PLACE. SISTER, WILL YOU COME AND KEEP THIS PLACE FOR ME WHILE I AM GONE?

A DELIGHTFUL PHENOMENON.

Miss Tattleton (entering suddenly): IT'S RAINING, GIRLS!

De Spoonville (hastily rising): YOU WILL EXCUSE ME. I WANT TO BE OUTSIDE, DON'T YOU KNOW, IF IT'S RAINING *girls*.

ECONOMIZING HIS ENERGY.

Ethelberta: Oh! Tom! Tom! Let us jump—quick!

Tom (leisurely): 'Twould only be the trouble for nothing; we shall be thrown out in a minute.

BRIDLE-PATH STUDIES.

A HIGH BRED MAN ON A LOW BRED HORSE.

A LOW BRED MAN ON A HIGH BRED HORSE.

A DIFFICULTY.

She: PETE, DEAR, I WONDER WHAT WE SHALL LOOK LIKE IN HEAVEN?

He: WE SHALL DOUBTLESS ALL BE VERY BEAUTIFUL, DUCKIE.

She (*innocently*): WHY, HOW SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

THE UNEXPECTED.

Teacher, having taught the class to read the word "rat," pauses before introducing the word "cat," for the following conversation:

Teacher: WHAT CAN THE RAT DO?

Class: THE RAT CAN RUN.

Teacher: COULD YOU CATCH HIM IF HE WERE RUNNING ABOUT THIS ROOM?

Class: NO, MA'AM.

Teacher: TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT RUNS AND JUMPS AND CAN CATCH THE RAT?

Very Small Boy: GOD!

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Miss Clara (at the sea shore): HOW GRACEFULLY YOUNG MR. DE LYLE HANDLES THE RIBBONS WHEN DRIVING, DOESN'T HE?

Miss Jennie: HE OUGHT TO, MY DEAR; HE HAS CHARGE OF THAT DEPARTMENT AT SILK & SATIN'S, YOU KNOW.

THE POET'S CORNER.

A WELL FOUNDED REPORT.

Miss Ethel (*confidentially*): DO YOU KNOW, CLARA, THAT I HAD TWO OFFERS OF MARRIAGE LAST WEEK.

Miss Clara (*with enthusiasm*): OH, I AM DELIGHTED, DEAR! THEN THE REPORT IS REALLY TRUE THAT YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU HIS MONEY.

CURIOUS EFFECT PRODUCED BY A FEW WORDS WITH A BOSTONIAN.

Ethel (*weeping*): I AM *so* DISAPPOINTED IN HIM. I AM SURE HE WAS TIPSY LAST NIGHT—HE THREATENED TO KISS ME!

May: WELL, THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MEN WON'T DO WHEN THEY'RE DRUNK!

Charlie: OH, JACK, YOU SAID A BAD WORD JUST NOW.

Jack (*who has just hit his finger with a hammer*): I DON'T CARE IF I DID. IT HURT AWFULLY.

Charlie: BUT YOU SAID A CUSS WORD.

Jack: WELL, GRANDPA DOES, OFTEN.

Charlie: OH, JACK, HE DOESN'T; BUT IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF HE DID, BECAUSE HE IS DEAF AND CAN'T HEAR HIMSELF.

SALON, 1888.

Uninitiated Father: So this is the "*line*," is it?

Artistic Son: Yes, this is what we call "the line."

Uninitiated Father: Well, it would never be mistaken for a *clothes* line!

'TIS A WISE CHILD, ETC.

Papa (*of Calvinistic faith, has just heard that Mollie was at the theatre last evening*): GOOD MORNING, DAUGHTER OF SATAN.

Mollie: GOOD MORNING, FATHER.

SHORT POEMS.

'LINES ON A FRIEND."

"ON A SLEEPING INFANT."

"ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR RELATIVE."

WISER THAN HE LOOKED.

Miss Priscilla Jibb: IN BOSTON, YOU KNOW, MR. SWIFT, WE ATTACH MORE IMPORTANCE TO BLOOD THAN YOU DO AT THE WEST.

Mr. Swift (of Chicago): OH, ON THE CONTRARY, MISS JIBB, WE CONSIDER IT OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE, PARTICULARLY IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

SPECIMENS OF THE HANOVERIAN RAT, SAID TO HAVE GONE OVER TO ENGLAND WITH THE GUELPHS, AND TO HAVE OVERPOWERED AND DRIVEN OUT THE NATIVE RODENT.

AN AZTEC FRAGMENT.

SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A WIFE SUGGESTING THE HOUR TO HER HUSBAND ON HIS RETURN FROM A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

DEFICIENT IN CHARACTER

Mother: YOU OUGHT TO BE KINDER TO MR. GOODEY, CLARA. HE IS VERY WELL OFF, AND, AS REGARDS HABITS, IS A MODEL IN EVERY WAY.

Clara: THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, MAMMA. HE HASN'T A SINGLE REDEEMING VICE.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Knobley: I SAW YOU ON FOURTEENTH STREET A FEW MINUTES AGO, MISS ETHEL.

She: OH, DID YOU?

Knobley: YES; YOU WERE GOING INTO A HAIR STORE.

She: AH, YES; I WAS EXECUTING A LITTLE COMMISSION FOR A FRIEND. BEAUTIFUL WEATHER WE ARE HAVING, MR. KNOBLEY.

AND SHE BECKONED HAUGHTILY TO HER COACHMAN.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MT. DESERT.

Fair Fiancée (departing with her loved one): WHAT HORRID TASTE OF HER TO BRING A SUIT AGAINST LEOPOLD FOR BREACH OF PROMISE!

Hostess: AND HOW VERY AWKWARD FOR YOU BOTH.

Leopold: OH, NOT AT ALL. MY LAWYER SAYS BAR HARBOR ENGAGEMENTS WON'T HOLD IN LAW.

IN SHALLOW WATERS.

She: I MUST SHOW YOU MY NEW CLOCK BEFORE YOU GO.

He (facetiously): SOME OF MY FRIENDS TELL ME I AM HOMELY ENOUGH TO STOP A CLOCK.

She: OH, THAT WON'T MATTER! IT CAN BE STARTED AGAIN.

HE WAS OVER SENSITIVE.

"How late Mr. Tawker stayed!"

"He would have stayed till now if I hadn't sent him off."

"I hope you did it politely, Peggy."

"Oh, yes. He was complaining of having to be at the bank so early in the morning, and I only looked up at the clock and said in surprise, 'Why! do you go to business in your dress suit?'"

NO EXPLANATION NEEDED.

Robert (*who was at the office very late last night*): MY DEAR, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF MY BOOTS?
She (*sweetly*): YES, LOVE, THEY ARE DOWN HERE ON THE HAT RACK.

A GROVELLING SOUL.

She: How immeasurably grand the ocean is! It always lifts me above myself and makes our own little lives and interests seem so petty and hollow.

Gustavus (*who is feeling queer and has heard imperfectly*): I don't mind being hollow if I only dared fill up again.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Jack: YOU KNOW HOW MADLY I WORSHIP CLARA GUSHINGTON.

His Sister: YES, JACK, AND I THINK SHE IS INTERESTED IN YOU.

Jack: WELL, I HAVE BOUGHT HER A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF BRACELETS, BUT I AM AFRAID THEY ARE A LITTLE LARGE.

His Sister (faintly): HEAVENS, JACK! THOSE ARE NOT BRACELETS!

RANK INJUSTICE.

"What did the horses stop for, George?"

"They made a false start and have to go back to the post again."

"Oh, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

MODESTY OF THE PERIOD.

Miss M.: I CANNOT SEE MR. BROWN NOW, MARY; I AM NOT DRESSED. TELL HIM I WILL MEET HIM ON THE BEACH.

ON THE BEACH.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

"PROMISE ME, JOHN, THAT YOU WILL NOT GET INTO ANY TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENTS, OR BE BURNED TO DEATH AT A HOTEL. PROMISE ME THAT, JOHN, OR MY HEART WILL BREAK!"

[*John promised faithfully that he would not.*]

SEVERE BUT JUST.

Mr. C. Van H. Boon (who was left asleep by his jolly companions, finally awakes and stands up before mirror): WHAT A DISREP'ABLE LOOKING CROWD YOU ARE—*I'*M GOING HOME.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

"DON'T."

"WHY? DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"

"YES, BUT DON'T."

A MATTER OF ETIQUETTE.

MRS. G—— MET A BEGGAR IN THE STREET, AND WAS MOVED TO HELP HIM.

"HERE'S MY CARD," SHE SAID. "IF YOU'LL CALL AT MY HOUSE, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME CLOTHES."

HE FAILED TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE; BUT A DAY OR TWO LATER SHE CHANCED TO SEE HIM AGAIN, AND ASKED:

"WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?"

"INDADE, MUM, BUT YOUR CARD DO SAY 'THURSDAYS!'"

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

Miss A.: THE WEDDING WAS AS SAD AS A FUNERAL.

Mr. Benedict: WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE? BOTH HAVE THE SAME RESULT. IN ONE CASE, TWO ARE MADE ONE; IN THE OTHER, ONE IS MADE NOTHING. ONE LESS EACH TIME.

THE THOUGHTFUL BOY.

Young America (to his father, who has recently visited the tomb of Washington): WHY, IS WASHINGTON DEAD?

Father: OF COURSE HE IS—A LONG TIME AGO.

Young America: THEN WHY DOES HE KEEP ON HAVING BIRTHDAYS?

FROM A TOMB AT THEBES.

THIS DISCOVERY HAS LED ARCHÆOLOGISTS TO BELIEVE THE EARLY KINGS OF EGYPT WERE A PROFANE LOT, AND POSSESSED NO MORE SELF-CONTROL THAN THE MODERN AMERICAN.

WORSE YET.

"JOHN, YOU ARE NOT LISTENING TO A WORD I AM SAYING!"

"WHY, MY DEAR, I AM ALL EARS."

"I KNOW YOU ARE, AND THAT MAKES IT ALL THE MORE PROVOKING."

VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. S.: TODDLER IS A MIGHTY MEAN MAN, THAT'S WHAT TODDLER IS!

Mrs. S.: WHY, WHAT HAS HE EVER DONE TO YOU?

Mr. S.: BET ME $50 THIS AFTERNOON THAT I COULDN'T HIT A BARN-DOOR WITH A REVOLVER AT FIVE PACES. TAUNTED ME INTO BETTING HIM, GOT ME TO PUT UP THE MONEY, MEASURED OFF THE FIVE PACES IN THE PRESENCE OF A LOT OF WITNESSES, GAVE ME A REVOLVER LOADED, AND THEN SET THE DOOR UP EDGEWISE!

"HE WAS GREETED WITH A FLOOD OF TEARS."

A CHILLY EVENING.

Unwelcome Suitor: THAT'S A LOVELY SONG! IT ALWAYS CARRIES ME AWAY.

She: IF I HAD KNOWN HOW MUCH PLEASURE IT COULD GIVE US BOTH, I SHOULD HAVE SUNG IT EARLIER IN THE EVENING.

He was from Philadelphia, and it was not until the next morning, in the train, that he "caught on," and his heart grew sick as he viewed the kindly hint in the light of subsequent events.

HER FIRST SLEEPING CAR.

Gertrude: YOU'LL ENJOY THIS TRIP, AUNTIE. IT'LL BE FUN. IT'S AN AWFULLY FAST TRAIN!

Aunt Hester (who sees a gentleman opposite preparing to turn in): SAKES ALIVE! AWFULLY FAST! WHAT *will* YOUR UNCLE SAY?

THE ARCHITECT WHO WORKED FOR FAME.

AND HOW HE WAS FOOLED.

THE FATAL NUMBER.

"Amarintha, in accepting me, you have made me immeasurably happy."

"I am glad to know it, Arthur. You are not in the least superstitious, are you?"

"No, darling. Why do you ask?"

"Because you are the thirteenth man to propose to me this summer."

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE HEIR."

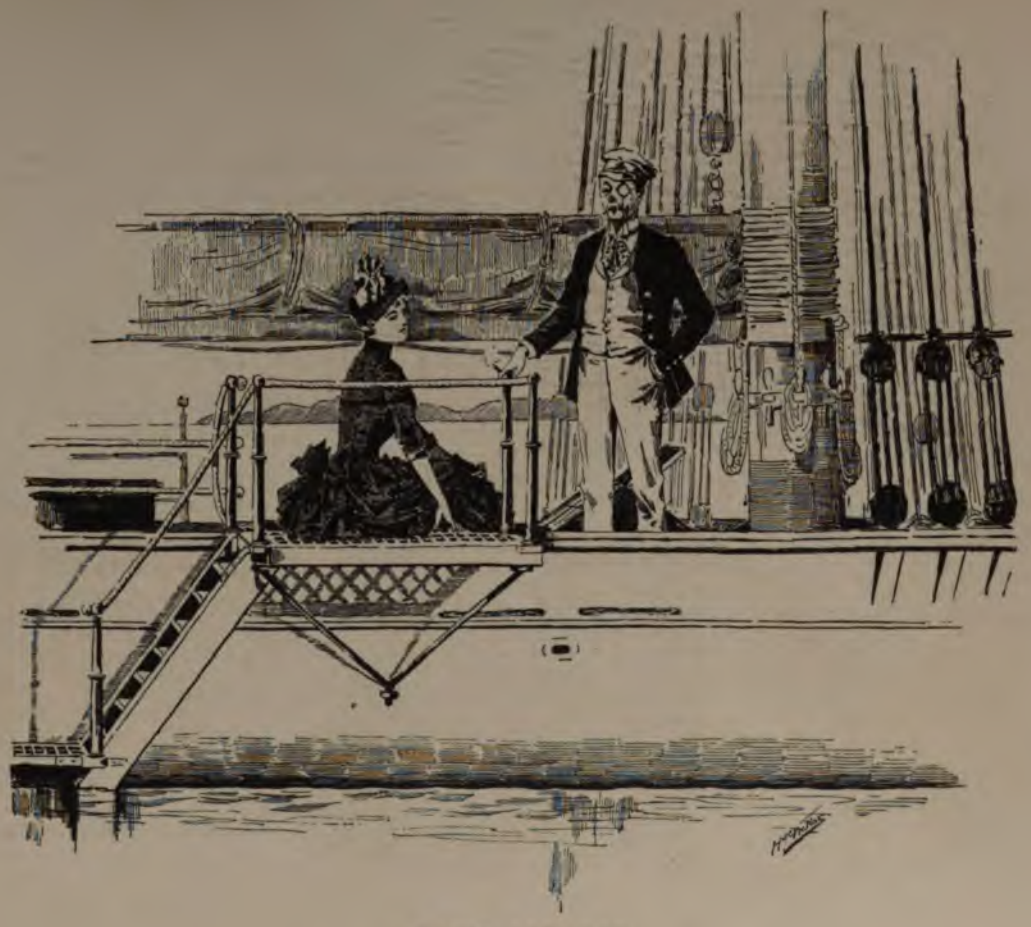
Mama: WELL, DID YOU TELL GOD HOW NAUGHTY YOU HAVE BEEN?
Lily: NO, I WAS ASHAMED. I THOUGHT IT HAD BETTER NOT GET OUT OF THE FAMILY.

SHE COULD READ THE SIGN.

Miss Kansas: I WISH TO SEE MADAME LUCETTE.

Young Modiste: MADAME LUCETTE IS NOT IN AT PRESENT.

Miss Kansas: WELL, THEN, TELL MADAME CIE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE MY ORDER.



BOTH CORRECT.

Lieutenant Goldbraid: AW—BEAUT'FUL YACHT, MISH CARLTON.

Miss Carlton (coldly): YES, VERY.

Lieutenant Goldbraid: AW—IT'S (*hic*) SKUSE ME—CENTIBOARD YACHT, Y'KNOW.

Miss Carlton: I HAD SUPPOSED IT TO BE A SIDEBOARD YACHT.

IMPENDING DISGRACE.

Mr. Courtenay Van H. Doolyttle (whose supply of blue blood is extensive, but whose purse is meagre), to the plebeian but wealthy Mrs. C. Van H. D.: BUT IF YOU REFUSE ME MONEY, IN THIS WAY, YOU KNOW, YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO KEEP UP THE DIGNITY OF THE FAMILY NAME.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

"Ye see it wuz like dis: It wuz de nint' innings an' each side wuz thirty-two runs. Jimmy wuz at de bat. He got onter Reddy's curve an' hit der ball a welt out ter centre-field. Tommy Scully giv' a jump fer it, but it went t'rough his fingers an' we winned de game."

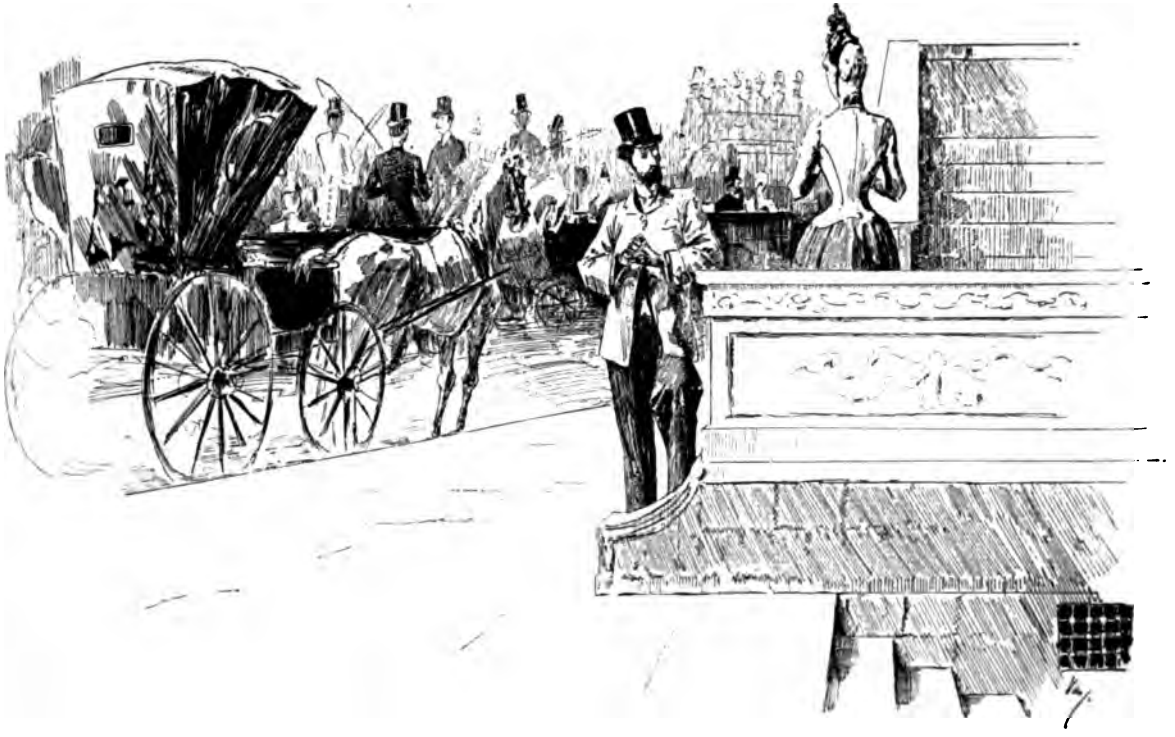
Egg: Look here, Coffee, I've settled you before, and I'll do it now!

INTERNATIONAL.

Teutonic American: Is the Gnädiges Fräulein at home this morning?
German Maid: Nein, Mein Herr. She has gone to the Bad.

THE END OF LENT.

TWO BOOTHS IN VANITY FAIR.



He has come for her in a buggy and she objects to the turnout.

"YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR; YOU PUT ON MORE AIRS THAN A MUSIC BOX!"

"WELL, I DON'T GO WITH A CRANK, ANYWAY!"

Unprotected Female: OH MY! I WISH THAT CAR WOULD HURRY. HERE COMES A MAN, AND I'M JUST SURE HE WILL INSULT ME!

Unprotected Female (after gentleman has passed): HUMPH! HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

A BOSTON INTRODUCTION.

Miss South Church (to Miss Beacon Hill): My dear, let me present Mr. Scolopax, president of the Yale Boat Club.

The Presented: Beg pardon—ah, Miss Church, but my name is Snipe.

Miss South Church: I know, sir; but you will pardon me if I think the Latin preferable.

He hurries for the doctor.

Takes a hasty ride.

And with the solace of a cushion reflects at leisure.

AT THE CLUB.

"Baby, how do you keep your eye-glass in so well?"
"You must clip your eye-lashes, Dolly."

MISSED PART OF IT.

Mrs. H. (*a brilliant amateur*): CHARLEY, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE STYLE IN WHICH I OPENED THE SECOND ACT LAST NIGHT?

Mr. H. (*who hates the whole business*): I MISSED THE OPENING OF THE SECOND ACT.

Mrs. H.: HOW UNFORTUNATE! YOU GOT THERE TOO LATE?

Mr. H.: NO, WENT AWAY TOO SOON.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Young Man (*airily*): EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVEN'T I SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE?

Col. Scrop (*who suffers from dyspepsia*): QUITE LIKELY; I'VE NEVER WORN IT BEHIND.

A FAILURE.

Mr. Harry Walnut (is anxious to drive away his rival, but has forgotten the name of his charmer): AS I WAS SAYING, MISS—ER—ER—ER (*then with great presence of mind and in his happiest manner*)—WELL, LET US SAY JONES, FOR SHORT.

She (somewhat ruffled): YES, THAT IS MY NAME.

A PROPER POINT OF VIEW.

Madge: MAMA, SOME OF THE GIRLS AT OUR SCHOOL HAVE THEIR *own* CARRIAGES SENT TO BRING THEM HOME.

Mrs. R. (*idly*): HOW DO YOU KNOW, DEAR?

Madge: OH, BECAUSE IT HAS THEIR OWN TRADE-MARK ON THE DOOR.

THE WRONG ONE.

Clara: JACK, CAN YOU RETURN MY LOVE?

Jack (who has an "understanding" with Clara's sister): CLARA, I CANNOT, BUT I WILL ALWAYS BE A BROTHER-IN-LAW TO YOU.

SIGNIFICANT.

"Mamma, the quandary has come; Billings has proposed, and Toozle too."

"What shall you do?"

"I am at a loss, Mamma. Toozle writes that he would surround me with every luxury and make his whole existence one sweet thraldom for a smile from me."

And Billings?"

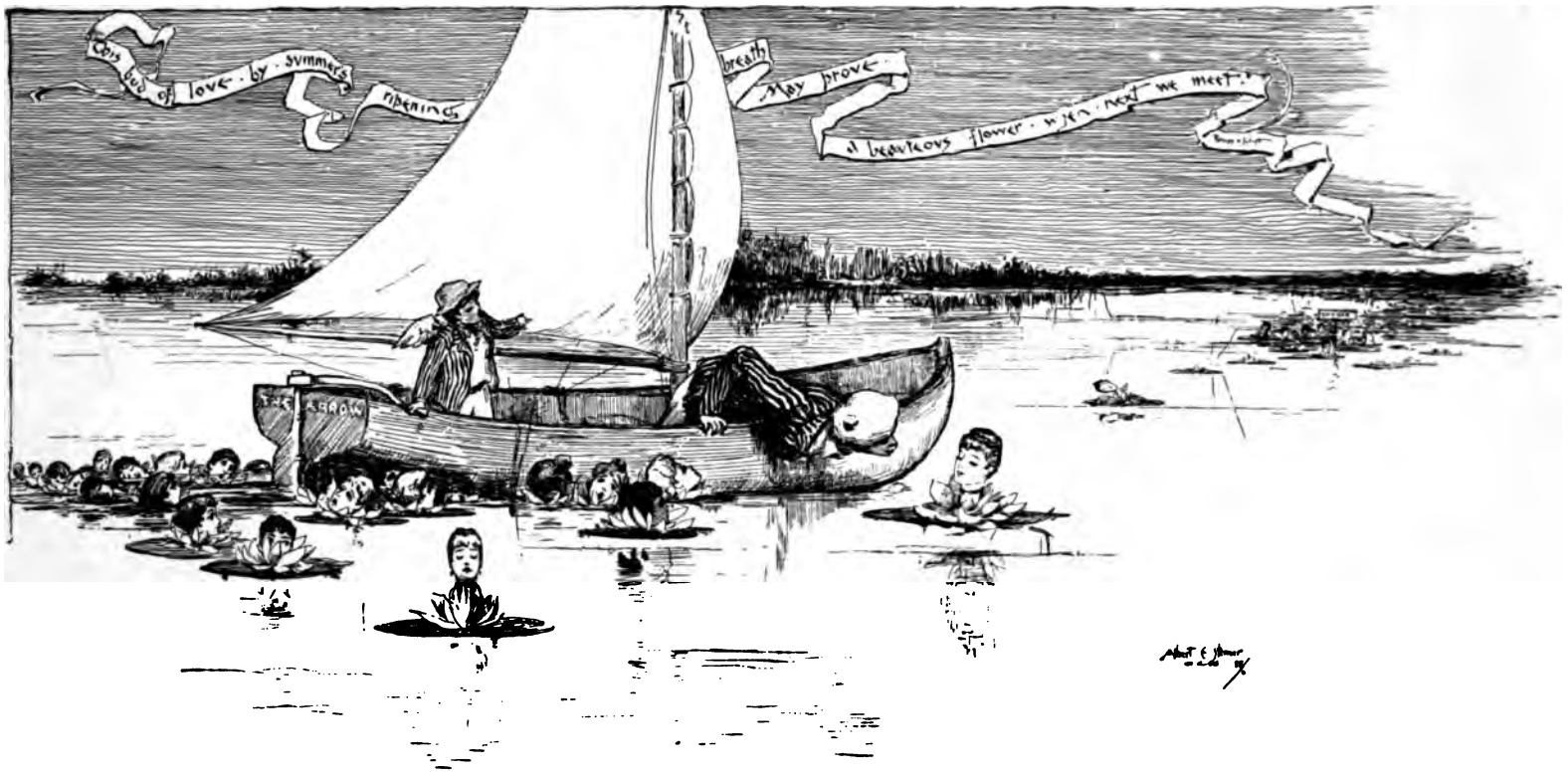
"He says he's very poor and has been working all his life and barely earned a subsistence."

"Accept Billings, my child. Don't delay another instant. A man must be pretty well off before he has the courage to proclaim his poverty."

He: I SEE THAT OLD MR. BENTLY WAS BURIED YESTERDAY.

Wife (*shocked*): WHY, IS OLD MR. BENTLY DEAD?

He (*who has just been "sat upon"*): THE PAPER DOESN'T SAY WHETHER HE IS DEAD OR NOT; SIMPLY THAT HE WAS BURIED YESTERDAY.



FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.

FINANCE VERSUS ART.

SWEETZER HAS GONE ABROAD TO STUDY PAINTING. HIS PAINTINGS DO NOT CREATE MUCH ENTHUSIASM, BUT HE IS DOING WELL. SOME OF HIS FRIENDS WHO ARE GOOD JUDGES OF ART TELL US SHE WILL PROBABLY MARRY HIM. $30,000 A YEAR.

"SHE TWINED HERSELF AROUND THE STRONG, RESOLUTE MAN AS THE SLENDER VINE CLINGS TO THE MIGHTY OAK FOR PROTECTION AND SUPPORT."—*Popular Novel.*

THE NEXT MORNING.

Lady from Boston, on the divan: YOU HAD TO RUN AFTER THE MEN LAST NIGHT MORE THAN SOME OF US LIKE TO DO, BUT YOU CERTAINLY WERE THE BELLE OF THE OCCASION.

The other Lady: I THE BELLE! WHY, CAPTAIN GATLING SAID YOU WERE THE BELLE—THE ELECTRIC BELL—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND ON THE WALL!

VERY DIFFERENT BY DAYLIGHT.

Miss Gushynge: I HAVE SUCH A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU, MR. MASHEUR.

Mr. M. (*with his most engaging smile*): ANYTHING, *anything*, MY DEAR MISS GUSHYNGE.

Miss G. (*imploringly*): DO, *do*, PLEASE, REPEAT TO PAPA THOSE LOVELY VERSES YOU COMPOSED—THOSE YOU MURMURED TO ME IN THE MOONLIGHT, LAST EVENING.

The verses began in this wise.

"OH LOVE, LOVE, LOVE! WHEN THOU, SWEET GOD,
ART FROM MY HEART," ETC.

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